

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE BIG TURN OUT.

The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
How when they rang the evening bell
The gentle breeze wafted—*Christy Queen*

Day broke. The drowsy sun looked forth,
Surprised at what he saw,
And speedily noon's nasty yod
Did from before him draw.
Could this be so? In one short night
Could Freedom's chosen land,
Be guarded and encompassed thus
By an invader's band?

How came the dusky Hotentot
And whiskered Russian here?
The Spaniard, and the study Scot,
And Grecian mountaineer?
Why does the grave and turbaned Turk
Stand armed beside the Frank?
What does the pointed Choctaw here
With locks and visage blank?

The Portuguese holds fellowship
With his most deadly foe,
Don Miguel seems a leader too,
Among you goodly row—
Each shoulder has a musket on,
Each back a cartridge-box,—
There will be bloody work ere night,
Bruised heads and gory locks.

And lo! what scare-crows yonder come.
No nation on the earth
Can own them! unknown clans
Most surely gave them birth.
"Cold victuals"—cod-fish—sucking pigs—
Pogers and pewter mugs,
Adorn the outward men, as shine
Pictures on carpet rugs.

And see, from every quarter moves
A wild and motley train,
They meet and mingle cheek by jowl,
As toads do after rain.
"News from all nations!" we shall see
What strange event is this,
Which brings the world's extremes to meet,
In such untidiness.

Ha! this is well:—a sudden light
Breaks in upon my mind,
These are our neighbors, and our friends,
A part of human kind.
Their dress—oh, name it not! they come
The tried militia band,
Anxious to prove themselves to foes,
"Heroes in heart and hand!"

Give them but breathing room enough
To let their garments sweep,—
Give them but sound of drum and file
Their due array to keep—
They'll show you that the vaunted scenes
Of glorious Waterloo
Were pigmy pageants, to the deeds
Which they stand here to do.

Napoleon—he is outshone here—
Caesar—thy fame is dim—
Rob Roy—go hide thy face for shame—
Don Miguel—yonder's him!
Would but our warlike President,
Great Jackson, had been by,
To see the martial fire that flashed
From every soldier's eye.

What meets it that your nodding plumes,
Reach to the booted knee—
What though the royal symbol shine,
And stars on bosoms be?
Even there we'll match them—here we have
Both boots and plumes as long,
And Wellington hath not a badge,
But we have one as strong.

And if our front with such a host
Of honorables is lined,

What countless multitudes of men,
Must there be left behind!
Terror will seize the enemy;—
The paralyzing sight
Will rout whole armies, and will put
A world in arms to flight!

So let us lift our voices up,
And sing with one accord,
"Long live the brave militia men,
To wield the gun and sword!
Long life to all who dress, as dress
The great in every clime;
And honor to the longest sword
That trails its length sublime!"

FITZ.

THE PERIPATETIC.

A SCENE IN WALL-STREET.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a street-walker, or as I have chosen to style myself, a peripatetic, or a Walking Philosopher. My occupation in life is such that a great part of my time is spent out of doors and in making the circuit of the city. In my perambulations I have generally my eyes about me—which is more than most persons can say—and I see many things which are unnoticed by others; with your leave, I shall, from time to time, submit to your readers the result of my observations.

I was strolling through Wall street the other day, and just by the Exchange I stopped to look about me. It was between the hours of two and three—the great business hour in this part of the city. The whole street was in commotion—every body was bustling along as if life and death depended on the celerity of his movements. The merchants were thronging into the Exchange—as they passed along, I fancied I could read their various thoughts and adventures in the expression of their countenances. Here went one, with downcast eye and dejected looks—he was a Front-street merchant—flour had that day fallen a dollar in the barrel—he was a large holder, and was hastening to make a sacrifice of his fortune to meet his engagements. He was followed by a neighbor of his—a great speculator—close at his heels, with a countenance greedy as a Jew's and a scent keen as a blood-hound's. He comes into the market to purchase flour—he has heavy contracts to fulfil and now is an opportunity by which he can do so to advantage. Then followed other merchants, some with hasty strides and joyful aspects—others slow, demure and dejected. One, in particular, attracted my attention—he was the picture of woe—his countenance told plainer than words the shipwreck of his fortune. His fortune! Aye, it was his fortune, if a large and undoubted credit can be considered a fortune. He had entered into business with nothing but his own skill and industry for a capital—he went on extending his operations—he bought largely on credit and sold as largely on the same terms—for a time prosperity seemed to follow him—but anon came a great dearth of money—one of those merciless earthquakes that visit the land and sweep before them every thing unsubstantial. The house of Blunderhead & Co.—that far-famed house—fell, for, like the house in the parable, it was founded on the sand, and great was the fall thereof.

As I gazed on the scene, a host of clerks were passing and repassing with breathless rapidity. Each carried a small sheep-covered pamphlet, which he held firmly in his hand. They were the bank-books of their respective employers, and these young men were now busily engaged in making deposits and taking up notes at the banks. As they issued from one building, they immediately entered another, and so in this way many of them went through the whole street. Occasionally, one would dive down into a broker's office—*facilis descensus avari*—in a few moments, perhaps, he would return—stop on the sidewalk—look around anxiously as if at a loss to determine on which side to turn—then would start off again at the top of his speed, until I lost sight of him as he descended into another subterranean cave.

On the opposite sidewalk under a tree, stood a group of persons—some six or seven in number—laying their heads close together, and each with both hands buried in his pockets, as if to protect its contents from being filched by his neighbors. They appeared to be in close conference on some weighty subject—I stole up within hearing distance and caught a few snatches of their discourse.

"Aye—below par—fell six per cent at the board."
"Bad business that for old Swansneck."
"Sucked him in as slick as a whirpool—he's denis now—no mistake about it."

"What discount did you say? three and a half a month?"

"Half the houses in — street pay all of that."
"And a little more too,—discounts are up at the banks."

"Harvest for brokers—I say, Razor, will you shave this note—three months only and good endorsers."
[*Whispers.*] "What, Touchem & Twiddle's paper went go at the bank—I don't do it—may be good enough at church, but the bank is my place for a character—can't do it—can't do it."

"Ticklish times these—now are you off for money?"

"All shipped to England—not a cent to be had."
"Yes, bad business for the merchants—but 'tis an ill wind—you know the proverb."

"Aye—aye—ha! ha! ha! that's a good one."
"I'm off—there goes Singleeye—I'll touch his fat for a few thousands."

"There's Crack & Gout—guess they want a little of the ready—touch 'em lightly—that's the word."
"That's my man—the very fellow—old Brodning—I knew he'd have to come to it."

In a few moments the whole company had dispersed and I soon saw them each in conversation with his man in different parts of the street. What the particular discourses were I had no opportunity of gathering—but I observed there were symptoms of no great satisfaction on the part of the new comers—but they appeared to be under the influence of some magic spell, without having the power to disenchant themselves. I left the scene, and in a few moments was seated at my dinner—yours, &c. J. W. L.

NOTT'S STOVES.

As winter approaches, it becomes a subject of universal enquiry, how and by what means our comfort can be best promoted. Since the extensive use of coal in this country, a variety of stoves, furnaces, and kitchen-ranges, has been invented for its consumption, and a great saving of expense has thereby been effected. Of these inventions, one of the chiefest in importance, if not the most valuable of all, is the stove invented by Doctor Nott, of this State. For heating a large room, a store, or a hall, it has no superior—the quantity of heat emitted by it from the same quantity of coal is greater than that of any other stove. By an ingenious contrivance, only a portion of the coal is in a state of actual combustion at the same time. This is effected by means of the peculiar position of the fuel, which, instead of being placed at the upper part of the stove, as is usually the case, is at the lower part, so that the air passing through the lower strata of coal, that alone is ignited; as this is consumed, its ashes fall through a narrow grating into a depository below, and its place is occupied by the superincumbent mass, which is pressed down, as it is wanted, by a heavy plate of iron laid upon it. By this simple contrivance, the stove may be supplied, in the morning, with coal sufficient to last through the greater part of the day; and as it feeds itself, after being thus supplied, no further assistance is necessary to keep it ignited.

Another advantage of this kind of stove is, that all the coal used is actually consumed; there is no waste or useless expenditure, as in grates or other kind of stoves. The coal must be absolutely changed into ashes before it is suffered to pass through the grating into the pan below; this is its only avenue of egress. The grating is in the form of a half cylinder, and turns upon an axis, which projects slightly on the exterior of one side of the stove; by means of a long wrench, it may be moved several degrees backwards and forwards, whenever the coal prevents the passage of the ashes, so that all obstructions may be removed. In front is a fine grating, about six inches square, guarded on its exterior by a thin, transparent plate of talc or isinglass, that serves as a window through which the fire may be seen, at the same time that it prevents the slightest spark from escaping upon the floor.

The anthracite is the only description of coal we have seen used in this stove—and for this it is admirably adapted. The Lackawanna in particular may be safely recommended as the most pleasant and economical of all fuel, when used in this manner. It ignites readier than the Schuylkill, and does not send

out such a furnace-like heat as the Lehigh. We are seated just now in a room heated by the Lackawanna coal in a Nott's stove. The stove is a beautiful piece of workmanship, being built in the fashion of a temple or tower, and ornamented in the Gothic style of architecture. Its turret is surmounted by a cast-iron vase, which is supplied with water to moisten the atmosphere. The heat is quite pleasant at the distance we are sitting from the stove—ten feet or more; nay, we feel ourselves growing warm with the subject before us, and therefore shall retire, with this advice to our readers—to buy one of Nott's stoves and burn Lackawanna coal. D.

HAILING A SHIP.

A seafaring friend of ours tells the following story. Some years since I was lying in the port of Bordeaux, and when on shore used frequently to dine at the English Coffee-House. Here I met many British officers and some few Americans. Among the latter was the Captain of a Yankee schooner, who annoyed us excessively by his puritanical manner of relating his grievances—the ground of which was as follows: In coming to Bordeaux, he had lost his reckoning and had spoken a British vessel for the purpose of ascertaining it. Instead, however, of receiving a satisfactory answer, from some cause or other, probably from the strange language used in hailing, he received only some gruff reply, amounting to a refusal, which gave mortal offence to the Yankee captain, and which he frequently declared was a breach of the laws of nations, and that he should report it to the President as soon as he returned. We never sat down to table without having the whole affair particularised. It was mortifying to me thus to be exposed to ridicule by a countryman, and I remonstrated with him, but to no effect, on the subject.

One day at table, just as he was commencing the old story, I desired him to desist for a few moments and suffer me to relate mine. The attention of the whole company was drawn towards me and I proceeded as follows, using the names of the Yankee captain and his mate and adopting his language as nearly as I was able. "Now in the days of Tobias, who was chief owner of a schooner which went down into the mighty deep, commanded by Jonathan, whose surname was Cram, having a mate called John, which by interpretation meaneth a 'thing.' And John having charge of the third watch of the night, discovered a strange sail. And he descended while Jonathan was sleeping, and said unto him, a stranger approacheth. And Jonathan answered and said, 'arise thou and go upon deck, and take a horn in thy hand, and when the stranger draweth nigh, say unto him, stranger, whence comest thou?' And John arose and went upon deck and took a horn in his hand, and when the vessel drew nigh, he said unto him, 'stranger, whence comest thou?' and the stranger answered and said, 'Go to —!' And John said unto him, peace be with thee, thou blasphemous! And when the morning came, Jonathan arose and went upon deck, and he said unto John, what said the stranger? He said unto me, go to —! And what saidst thou? I said unto him, peace be with thee, thou blasphemous. Thou saidst well, John, thou spakest as a man."

The effect of this story was irresistible, and we were never afterwards bored with the long-winded, canting complaints of the captain of the Yankee schooner. D.

SEEING IT IS YOU. At a time when knee-buckles were in fashion, Tom Hobbs, being then a youngster, called upon a shopkeeper to purchase a pair.

"How much for these buckles?" said Tom, laying his hand upon a pair.

"That pair," said the shopkeeper, "is worth three dollars—but seeing it is you, you shall have it for two."

"Seeing it is me!" said Tom, with a queer grin, "why, where under the canopy did you ever see me before?"

"Oh, I am sure I have seen you, but where, I can't recollect."

"Well, and I can't recollect where I have seen you," said Tom, "But seeing it is you, I believe I won't buy that pair of buckles."

So saying, Tom left the shopkeeper wondering what sort of a character it was with which he had to do.

Messrs. Fiske & Bridge, of Boston, have given the name *Warsaw*, to a splendid new ship just built for them in Maine. We hope she may prove more fortunate than her namesake.

MISCELLANY.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

I've sigh'd, but I will sigh no more,
For silver and for golden ore
And thought 'twould ever pass;
But those fair virtues oft have lost,
And I have found that—to my cost—
True virtues in the brass.

I once adored a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and amber hair,
And thought to wed her true;
But soon she was a cold stone,
Came too with brass to wed,
And with her lay I too.

I thought I'd make an ally of her,
And hoped to be a noble lord;
But she was cold and true;
She said she'd be a cold stone,
And I was left to rue,
I was left to rue.

Now, as I flip up the town,
I sigh to give a slight return,
And think of my dear friend,
But here will soon I be cut out,
And I'll be to the right about,
To those who find the town.

But now I'm back in the town,
And I'm back in the town,
And I'm back in the town,
And I'm back in the town,
And I'm back in the town,
And I'm back in the town.

THE IRISH REBELLION OF '38.

The following extracts from Moore's *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* will explain the failure of the contemplated rising in 1798.

"It seems to have been about the first week in May that the resolution was finally taken to prepare for a general rising before the end of that month. Intelligence of the design was transmitted through all parts of the Union, and arrangements made with the executives of the three other provinces, so as that the news of the risings of their respective districts should reach Dublin on the same day the rebellion broke out there. Of such importance was it thought to prevent the south for this simultaneous movement, that the younger Shermans, who was now one of the most active members of the Leinster executive, proceeded, early in May, to Cork, to lay the train for explosion in that quarter.

To the momentous object of gaining over the militia, among whom disaffection had already spread to a great extent, they now applied themselves with a degree of zeal, or rather of headlong rashness, of which the trial of the unfortunate Shermans discloses a striking example; and such a footing had they, at this time, obtained in most of the regiments, that we find Lawless, early in May, holding a conference, on the subject of the rising, with a meeting of delegates from almost all the militias in Ireland. By the plan of operations for Leinster, where Lord Edward was to raise his standard, it was arranged that the forces of the three counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare, should co-operate in the advance upon the capital, taking by surprise the camp at Leinstown, and the artillery at Chapelizod, and crowning their enterprise by the seizure of the lord lieutenant, and the other members of the government, in Dublin.

As it was now known that the pursuit after Lord Edward was becoming every day more active and eager, his friends felt, at last, the necessity of having him removed to some safer place of concealment; and as none offered that seemed to combine so many advantages, both of security and comfort, as his former asylum at Mrs. —'s, to that lady's house he was again, at the beginning of May, conveyed. Being uncertain as to his coming on the evening first named, Mrs. — had gone to the house of a neighbour, having left word at home that she should be sent for, if Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, arrived. Though so fully prepared to expect him, yet such was her sense of the risk and responsibility she so heroically took upon herself, that when the servant came, between eleven and twelve at night, to say that 'Miss Fitzgerald, from Athy, had arrived,' so agitated was she by the announcement that she actually fainted.

Lord Edward's conductors, Messrs. Cornick and Lawless, had themselves experienced some alarm on the way, having heard voices behind as they came along the canal from Thomas street, which appeared to them like those of persons eagerly in pursuit. In their anxiety they persuaded his lordship, who was all the while laughing at their fears, to lay himself down in a ditch, by the road's side, till these people (who, after all, proved to be only labourers returning home) should have passed by; and the plight in which, after having been covered up to the chin in mud, he made his re-appearance among his old friends, was to himself a source of much jest and amusement.

The guarded privacy in which, during his first visit here, he had lived, was now no longer observed by him, and scarcely a day elapsed without his having company—sometimes six or seven persons—to dine with him. Fearless as he was by nature, his familiarity, of late, with danger, had rendered him still more reckless of it: the companions of his hours, at Cornick's and Moore's, being now in the secret of

their chief's retreat, felt no less pride than pleasure in being numbered among his visitors; and, though he himself was far too temperate to be what is called convivial, that excitement of spirits natural on the eve of any great enterprise, led him to rush, no doubt, the society of those who were so soon to share his dangers. To his kind, watchful hostess, however, this unguarded mode of living was a constant source of apprehension and disquiet; nor did his friend Lawless fail earnestly to represent to him the great danger of admitting so many visitors—more especially a visitor so inconsiderate as Nelson, who, well known as was his person, used to ride out frequently, in full daylight, to call upon him.

While matters were thus verging towards a crisis, another fatal bolt fell, and almost as suddenly as the former, among the conspirators. Through the means of an officer in the King's County militia, named Armstrong, who, by passing himself off as a person of republican principles, gained the confidence of the two brothers, John and Henry Shermans, the government had obtained an insight into the secret plans of the conspirators. A full requisition was issued for their apprehension; and, lest no time should be lost in carrying them into custody, as a first step, on the 14th of this month, a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of £1000 for the apprehension of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. How far this measure, and the attempts only needed to be made, had any share in hastening the moment of explosion, does not appear; but it is now announced by the chiefs to their followers that on the night of the 23d inst. the general rising was to take place.

That awful flat being thus sent forth, it was seen that for the purpose of concerting measures with his colleagues, the presence of Lord Edward himself would be necessary in the capital, during the week previous to the great event; and he was, accordingly, about the 13th, removed from ——— to Dublin, leaving his hostess under the impression that he went out to attend some of the ordinary meetings of the Union. In taking leave of her he spoke with his usual cheerfulness, saying that, as soon as these meetings were over, he would return; nor aware as were all these persons of the perils of his position, was it possible for them, while looking at that bright, kindly countenance, to associate with it a single leading of the sad fate that was now so near him.

A night or two after his leaving Mrs. —'s, it appears that he rode, attended only by Nelson, to reconnoitre the line of advance, on the Kildare side, to Dublin; the route marked out on one of the papers found upon him when arrested; and it was on this occasion that he was, for some time, stopped and questioned by the patrol at Palmerston. Being well disguised, however, and representing himself to be a doctor on his way to a dying patient, his companion and he were suffered to proceed on their way.

It was thought advisable, as a means of baffling pursuit, that he should not remain more than a night or two in any one place; and, among other retreats contemplated for him, application had been made, near a week before, to his former host, Murphy, who consented willingly to receive him. Immediately after, however, appeared the proclamation offering a reward for his apprehension, which so much alarmed Murphy, who was a person not of very strong mind or nerves, that he repeated of his offer, and would most gladly have retracted it, had he but known how to communicate with the persons to whom he had pledged himself.

On the 17th, (Ascension Thursday) he had been led to expect his noble guest would be with him; but, owing most probably to the circumstance I am about to mention, his lordship did not then make his appearance. On the very morning of that day, the active town-major, Sirr, had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body-guard, would be on their way from Thomas street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose, and accompanied also by Messrs. Ryan and Emerson, Major Sirr proceeded, at the proper time, to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways (either Watling street or Dirty lane) by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road.

A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place, in each of these two streets, a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell; and, had not those with whom he was engaged been much more occupied with their noble charge than with him, he could hardly have escaped. But their chief object being Lord Edward's safety, after snatching a pistol or two at Sirr, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends in the other street, the town-major found that they had succeeded in capturing one of their opponents—and this prisoner, who represented himself as a manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and whose skillfully assumed ignorance of Irish affairs induced them, a day or two after, to discharge as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous McCabe, Lord Edward's confidential agent, and one of the most active organizers in the whole confederacy.

Of the precise object or destination of this party I have not been able to make out any thing certain; but if, as is generally supposed, Lord Edward was at the time on his way to Moira house, it was for the pur-

pose, no doubt, of once more seeing Lady Edward, to whom the noble-minded mistress of that mansion had, since his concealment, paid the most compassionate attention before his final plunge into a struggle the issue of which must, even to himself, have been so doubtful.

In the following night he was brought from Moore's to the house of Mrs. Murphy—Mrs. Moore herself being his conductress. He had been suffering lately from cold and sore throat, and, as his host thought much altered in his appearance since he had last seen him. An old maid-servant was the only person in the house besides themselves.

Next morning, as Mr. Murphy was standing within his gateway, there came a woman from Moore's with a bundle which, without saying a word she put into his hands, and which, taking for granted that it was for Lord Edward, he carried up to his lodgings. It was found to contain a red jacket, an iron-trower of dark green, edged with red, together with a handsome military cap of a cannel form. At the sight of this uniform, which, for the first time, led him to suspect that a rising must be at hand, the fears of the already nervous host were rebuked; and, on being desired by Lord Edward to put it somewhere out of sight, he carried the bundle to a loft over one of his warehouses, and there hid it under some goat-skins, whose offensiveness, he thought, would be a security against search.

About the middle of the day an occurrence took place, which, from its appearing to have some connexion with the pursuit after himself, excited a good deal of apprehension in his lordship's mind:—A sergeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had been seen to pass up the street, and, when at the moment when Murphy ran to apprise his guest of it, halting before Moore's door. This suspicious circumstance, indicating, as it seemed, some knowledge of his haunts, startled Lord Edward, and he expressed instantly a wish to be put in some place of secrecy; on which, Murphy took him out on the top of the house, and, being him down in one of the valleys termed between the roofs of his warehouses, hid him there for some hours. During the excitement produced in the neighbourhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend Nelson was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway, 'Is he safe?—Look sharp!'

While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery—and it is still unknown from what source—was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them.—Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him—purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas street, for the pickets of infantry and cavalry in that neighbourhood.

To return to poor Lord Edward:—As soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room—where, Mr. Murphy having invited Nelson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed when Nelson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room and left the house; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bed-room, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. 'There had now elapsed from the time of Nelson's departure not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall-door open.'

Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his guest whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a tramping on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger, from the bed; on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword cane, entered the room.

In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets around the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging

* From my mention of these particulars respecting Nelson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression cannot be denied; but besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on insanity, affords some solution of these incoherences, the fact of his being afterwards left to share the fate of the other state prisoners, would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.

to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers, and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound, so as to prevent further mischief.

It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer, to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the consciousness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer while in this state from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even in such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is.

'Can you at times in the toll, whose looks

Printed the long free?'

It being understood that Dr. Adrean, a surgeon of much eminence, who in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three captives. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adrean pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, 'I'm sorry for it.'

From Thomas street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the Castle, where the papers found upon him—one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare—were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the Castle, the lord lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a state prisoner.

DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The letters annexed describe the circumstances of this event:—

From Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie, Esq.
DUBLIN, JUNE 4TH, 1798.

My dear Mr. Ogilvie:—At two o'clock this morning our beloved Edward was at peace; and as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday, he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'

Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman!' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

When we left him, we told him, that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do!' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so

dearly.* He sometimes said, "I knew it must come to this, and we must all go; and then ramble a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon these subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'"

I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer—was very devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garrett, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ—the subject picked out by himself—and was much composed by it. In short, by dear Mr. Garrett, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with, pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. O God bless you! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead. Ever yours, L. C.

From the heart-breaking scene here described Lord Henry hurried off, instantly, to Holyhead, and from thence, in the agony of the moment, addressed a long letter to Lord Camden, of which it would be injustice to both parties to lay the whole before the world;—the noble writer being at the time in a state of excitement that left him scarcely the master of his own thoughts, while in the gross, gratuitous equity which marked, on this, as on all other occasions, the conduct of the Irish government, Lord Camden had no further share than what arose out of the lamentable weakness with which he surrendered his own humane views to the overruling violence of others. This violation of his lordship's—his vindication it can be called to defend this his humanity at the expense of his good sense—was brought forward, during the heat of the crisis itself by one who lost sight of the real nature of that system or gave him from the guilt of which he so far exonerated his clerk. In the midst of the success of those measures of coercion which had been adopted by the Irish government, Lord Clare expressly avowed, in the house of lords, that they "were to his knowledge, extracted from the nobleman who governed that country."

To this best of all testimonies, on such a point, is to be added also the evidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who always declared, that in every suggestion which he had, in his own capacity, tendered to the Irish cabinet, recommending the adoption of a more liberal and conciliatory policy, he had been invariably supported in the council by Lord Camden; though, when matters came to a decision, the more violent spirits carried it their own way, and the sanction of the lord lieutenant was thus yielded to a course of measures which, in his heart, he disapproved. For these reasons, as well as from a sincere admiration of the disinterestedness which, as a public servant, this nobleman has displayed, I most willingly expunge from Lord Henry's letter all such expressions as, though natural in his state of feeling, at the moment, appear to me undeservedly harsh towards the noble person to whom they are applied.

From Lord Henry Fitzgerald to the Earl of Camden.

"My Lord.—A little removed from scenes of misery and wretchedness scarcely to be equalled, I feel myself, thank God! sufficiently composed to write you this letter. I owe it to the memory of a beloved, I may almost say an adored brother. An uncommon affection, from our childhood, subsisted between us; such a one as * * *. The purport of this is not to give a loose to reproaches mine, but to state to you, and to the world * * * supported by facts. A full catalogue of them would take up many pages; mine is very short. Many indignities offered to him I shall for the present pass over in silence, and begin from the time of my arrival in Ireland, which was last Thursday."

"Surgeon Lindsay, who attended my brother with Surgeon Stewart, told me, when I really had imagined my brother to be in a recovering state, that, a few days before, he had been dangerously ill; 'apprehensive of a lock jaw' was his expression; and that he had been consulted about the breast. I also learned that he had made his will, &c. Mr. Lindsay added, 'But however, he is now much better; and told me also, that the wounds were going on well, and that he did not apprehend any danger from them. When I came to inquire into the circumstances relating to the signing of the will from others, I find this suffering dying man was not even allowed to see his lawyer, a young man he put confidence in, but the paper was handed first in and then out of the prison, through the hands of the surgeons. Possibly he might have had little or nothing to say to his lawyer, but a decent consideration of his situation ought to have left him a choice of seeing him or not."

"Thus situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that, upon my arrival, you would yourself have urged me to see him. * * * After this came my audience of your excellency; * * *—I implored I entreated of you, to let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain! you talked of lawyers' opinions;—of what had been refused to others and could not be granted for me in the same situation."

* The following is Mr. Garnet's note announcing the event: "Six o'clock, June 24, 1798."

"Mr. Garnet presents his most respectful compliments to Lady Louisa Conolly, and begs leave to communicate to her the melancholy intelligence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death. He drew his last breath at two o'clock this morning, after a struggle that began soon after his friends left him last night."

His was not a common case;—he was not in the same situation; he was wounded, and in a manner dying, and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured, had your heart been softened, or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity."

"On Friday, the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well; but that he perceived, as the pain subsided, that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill treatment. * * *—but he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But oh! my lord, what a day was Saturday for him! * * * On Saturday, my poor forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed: he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch, at the prison door. He asked, eagerly, 'what noise is that?' and certainly in some manner or other he knew it; for, '—I told what an I to write—from that time he lost his senses; most part of the night he was raving mad; a keeper from a madhouse was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty, he got more composed towards morning."

"Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world,—I wish I could to the four quarters of it!—that among you, your ill-treatment has marked my brother, as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation no charitable message arrives to his relations, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no, to his grave, in madness, you would pursue him,—to his grave you persecuted him."

"One would think I could add no more,—but I have not yet done. At this very time, a Mr. Storey, an officer, that was in the room with him, when they told me he grew fond of and liked, was removed and a total stranger put about him. Are you aware, my lord, of the happiness of seeing well known faces round the bed of sickness, and the cruelty of the reverse? or, have you hitherto been so much a stranger to the infirmities of this mortal life, as never to have known what it was to feel joy in pain, or cheerfulness in sorrow, from the pressure of a friend's hand, or the kind looks of relations? yet he, my lord, possessed as he was of the tenderness of a woman to all whom he loved, was abandoned, most barbarously neglected;—a man to attend him (and that I believe only lately,) as a nurse."

"These were his friends, these his attendants on his deathbed in Newgate. Sunday, I urged the chancellor once more, and stung him so home, with regard to the unheard-of cruelty of hanging Clinch close to my brother, in his weak state, that he did seem sorry and to relent. He said, 'It was very wrong indeed, that he was sorry for it, that it should not happen again, but that they did not know,' was his expression. Oh, my lord! what does not this expression involve? what volumes might be written on these last words!—but that is foreign to my purpose. At last the chancellor, in a sort of way, gave me hopes of seeing my poor brother talked even of the secret, with which the visit must be conducted. The joy of a reprieved wretch could not exceed mine; it was of short duration. The prospect that gladdened me with the hopes that, in the interval when he was quiet, I might still be a comfort,—be of use to him,—vanished. A note from the chancellor came, saying that my request could not be granted. What severity could surpass this?"

"In the evening of the same day, the surgeons told me that the symptoms of death were such as made them think that he would not last out the night. Then I believe, the Almighty snote your consciousness. Lady Louisa and myself indeed saw him, three hours before he breathed his last, in the great room of Newgate. God help you! that was the extent of your charity. This was your justice in mercy,—but I will not enliven the sweet remembrance of that scene, which I hope will go with me through life, by mistaken asperity, nor will I dare to talk of it."

"My grief has plunged me deeper into correspondence with you than I at first wished; but to recount a brother's sufferings, a brother's wrongs, and, above all, his patience, is, and will be, my duty to the end of my life. I will complain for him, though his great heart never uttered a complaint for himself, from the day of his confinement. My lord, you did not know him, and happy is it for you. He was no common being. I have now cleared my mind of a part of the load that oppressed it, and shall now conclude, returning thanks to that kind Providence that directed my steps to Ireland, just in time to discover and be the recorder of these foul deeds."

"One word more and I have done, as I alone am answerable for this letter. Perhaps you will take compassion on his wife and three babes, the eldest not four years old. The opportunity that I offer is to protect their estate for them from violence and plunder. You can do it if you please. I am, &c."

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Our readers will be pleased to see a sketch of the early history of this illustrious son of science, and we are happy to furnish it in the following paragraphs, derived from Dr. Brewster's work, prepared for the English Family Library.—*Atlas*.

"Sir Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet in the parish of Colsterworth in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham on the 25th December O. S., 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died, and was baptized at Colsterworth on the 1st

January, 1642—3. His father, Mr. Isaac Newton, died at the early age of thirty-six, a little more than a year after the death of his father, Robert Newton, and only a few months after his marriage to Harriet Ayscough, daughter of James Ayscough, of Market Overton in Rutlandshire. This lady was accordingly left in a state of pregnancy, and appears to have given a premature birth to her only and posthumous child. The helpless infant thus ushered into the world, was of such an extremely diminutive size, and seemed of so perishable a frame, that two women who were sent to Lady Tulkington, at North Witham, to bring some medicine to strengthen him, did not expect to find him alive on their return. Providence, however, had otherwise decreed; and that frail tenement which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind, was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity, and to survive even the average term of human existence. The estate of Woolsthorpe, in the manor-house of which this remarkable birth took place, had been more than a hundred years in the possession of the family, who came originally from Newton, in Lancashire but who had, previous to the purchase of Woolsthorpe, settled at Westby, in the county of Lincoln. The manor-house, of which we have given an engraving, is situated in a beautiful little valley, remarkable for its copious wells of pure spring water on the west side of the river Witham, which has its origin in the neighbourhood, and commands an agreeable prospect to the east towards Colsterworth. The manor of Woolsthorpe was worth only £250 pounds per annum; but Mrs. Newton possessed another small estate at Sessierst, which raised the annual value of their property to about £280; and it is probable that the cultivation of the little farm on which she resided somewhat enlarged the limited income upon which she had to support herself and educate her child."

For three years Mrs. Newton continued to watch over her tender charge with parental anxiety; but in consequence of her marriage to the Reverend Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile south of Woolsthorpe, she left him under the care of her own mother. At the usual age, he was sent to two day-schools at Skillington and Stoke, where he acquired the education which such seminaries afforded; but when he reached his twelfth year he went to the public school at Grantham, taught by Mr. Stokes, and was boarded at the house of Mr. Clark an apothecary in that town. According to information which Sir Isaac himself gave to Mr. Conduitt, he seems to have been very inattentive to his studies, and very low in the school. The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident had led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a wind-mill, a water-clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. When a wind-mill was erecting near Grantham, on the road to Gumerby, Isaac frequently attended the operations of the workmen, and acquired such a thorough knowledge of the machinery that he completed a working model of it, which excited universal admiration. This model was frequently placed on the top of the house in which he lodged at Grantham, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. Not content with this exact imitation of the original machine, he conceived the idea of driving it by animal power, and for this purpose he enclosed in it a mouse, which he called the miller, and which, by acting upon a sort of tread-wheel, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail, while others allege that the power of the little agent was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel."

His water-clock was formed out of a box which he had solicited from Mrs. Clark's brother. It was about four feet high, and of a proportioned breadth, somewhat like a common house clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bedroom, he supplied it every morning with the requisite quantity of water, and it was used as a clock by Mr. Clark's family, and remained in the house long after its inventor had quitted Grantham. His mechanical carriage was a vehicle with

* Sir Isaac Newton told Mr. Conduitt, that he had often heard his mother say, that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him into a quart mug. † In Leicestershire, and about three miles south-east of Woolsthorpe.

"I remember once," says Dr. Stukely, "when I was deputy to Dr. Halley, Secretary at the Royal Society, Sir Isaac talked of these kind of instruments. That he observed the inconvenience in them was, that the hole through which the water is transmitted being necessarily very small, was subject to be furled up by impurities in the water, as those made with sand will wear bigger, which at length causes an inequality in time."—Stukely's Letter to Dr. Mead. Turner's Collections, p. 177.

four wheels, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it but, like Merlin's chair, it seems to have been used only on the smooth surface of a floor, and not fitted to overcome the inequalities of a road. Although Newton was at this time "a sober, silent, thinking lad," who scarcely ever joined in the ordinary games of his school fellows, yet he took great pleasure in providing them with amusements of a scientific character. He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites; and he is said to have been at great pains in determining their best forms and proportions, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made also paper lanterns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings; and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tails of his kites to a dark night, so as to inspire the country people with the belief that they were comets."

In the house where he lodged, there were some female inmates, in whose company he appears to have taken much pleasure. One of these, a Miss Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician at Buckminster, near Colsterworth, was two or three years younger than Newton, and to great personal attractions she seems to have added more than the usual allotment of female talent. The society of this young lady and her companions was always preferred to that of his own school fellows; and it was one of his most agreeable occupations to construct for them little tables and cupboards, and other utensils for holding their dolls and their trinkets. He lived nearly six years in the same house with Miss Storey, and there is reason to believe that their youthful friendship gradually rose to a higher passion; but the smallness of her portion, and the inadequacy of his own fortune, appear to have prevented the consummation of their happiness. Miss Storey was afterwards twice married, and under the name of Mrs. Vincent, Dr. Stukely visited her at Grantham in 1727, at the age of eighty-two, and obtained from her many particulars respecting the early history of our author. Newton's esteem for her continued unabated during his life. He regularly visited her when he went to Lincolnshire, and never failed to relieve her from little pecuniary difficulties which seem to have beset her family."

Among the early passions of Newton we must record his love of drawing, and even of writing verses. His own room was furnished with pictures drawn, coloured, and framed by himself, sometimes from copies, but often from life.* Among these were portraits of Dr. Donne, Mr. Stokes, the Master of Grantham School, and King Charles I., under whose picture were the following verses:

A secret art my soul requires to try,—
It prays ere give me what she wars deny.
Three crowns distinguished here, in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,
Which heary is, and at the best but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet,
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet;
The crown of glory that I under see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

These verses were repeated to Dr. Stukely by Mrs. Vincent, who believed them to be written by Sir Isaac, a circumstance which is the more probable, as he himself assured Mr. Conduitt, with some expression of pleasure, that he "excelled in making verses," although he had been heard to express a contempt for poetical composition."

But while the mind of our young philosopher was principally occupied with the pursuits which we have now detailed, it was not inattentive to the movements of the celestial bodies on which he was destined to throw such a brilliant light. The imperfections of his water-clock had probably directed his thoughts to the more accurate measure of time which the motion of the sun afforded. In the yard of the house where he lived, he traced the varying movements of that luminary upon the walls and roofs of the buildings, and by means of fixed pins he had marked out the hourly and half hourly subdivisions. One of these dials, which went by the name of Isaac's dial, and was often referred to by the country people for the hour of the day, appears to have been drawn solely from the observations of several years; but we are not informed whether all the dials which he drew on the wall of his house at Woolsthorpe, and which existed after his death, were of the same description, or were projected from his knowledge of the doctrine of the sphere."

Upon the death of the Reverend Mr. Smith in the year 1656 his widow left the rectory of North Witham and took up her residence at Woolsthorpe, along with her three children, Mary, Benjamin, and Hannah Smith. Newton had now attained the fifteenth year of his age, and had made great progress in his studies; and as he was thought capable of being useful in the management of the farm and country business at Woolsthorpe, his mother, chiefly from a motive of economy, recalled him from the school at Grantham in order to accustom him to the art of selling and buying, two of the most important branches of rural labour, he was frequently sent on Saturday to Grantham market to dispose of grain and other articles of farm produce, and to purchase such necessities as the family required. As he had yet acquired no experience, an old trust-worthy servant generally accompa-

* Mr. Clark informed Dr. Stukely, that the walls of the room in which Sir Isaac lodged were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were very well designed.

From the Boston Traveller. LIVES OF THE PLAYERS.

These volumes embrace a sketch of the lives of all the principal actors and actresses of the British Stage, from the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre, after the Restoration, in 1663, until the present time. Mr. Galt has been singularly fortunate in obtaining so many and authentic materials for the biography of such a long line of personages in a single profession, reaching through the period of nearly two centuries.

Edward Kynaston, one of the earliest actors mentioned, was celebrated for his beauty, so much so, that the ladies of quality took pride in inviting him to ride with them in their coaches, and to participate with them in costly entertainments. At sixty years of age, his teeth were all sound, white, and like those of a miss in her teens. The following is an anecdote related of him:

"It was not until after the Restoration that women were permitted to appear on the English stage; and our present subject, Edward Kynaston, the fellow-apprentice of Betterton, is famed for having worn his petticoats with remarkable elegance and propriety. The ancient custom, however, of bringing on male gentlemen was not always without propriety. On one occasion, probably with reference to Kynaston, and still spoken of among the players with admiration, Charles II. came a little before his time, and not finding the actors ready, sent to inquire the cause of the delay. Upon which the manager, as his wisest course, told his Majesty the truth, and with all becoming respect, informed him that the Queen was not shaved;—an incident which mightily amused the Defender of the Faith."

The life of Joseph Haynes has given us great pleasure from the exhibition of his most desirable kind of ingenuity and humor. It was said of him, that had his discretion been equal to his wit, he might have surpassed a fortune. He was of a roving disposition, and became from circumstances, quite a traveller. The following may be mentioned as a specimen of his ready cunning.

"Being met one day by a young cholerick fellow, who was accounted a great swordsmen, he was challenged to fight, and desired to draw on the spot. Joe demanded to know why, and they adjourned to a tavern that he might be informed. After learning the business, Joe agreed to give the satisfaction sought, but required a short time to say his prayers, and retired to another room, where he prayed aloud that he might be forgiven for killing seventeen different persons in duels, and concluded by asking forgiveness for being obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the catalogue! The other hearing him, and thinking his thread of life near the end, ran downstairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning."

Quin was a great actor and an able wit; he lives in the conversation of the learned men of the present day, but there is no great life of him extant. Galt deserves many thanks for the sketch he has drawn so true to the character of the subject, and so creditable to the talent of the author. The thirty pages devoted to Quin are full of rich, rare humor and the development of native wit. We copy two or three short anecdotes:—

"Being once applied to by an author of his acquaintance who had written a play, to introduce him, and recommend his piece to the manager, Quin readily agreed to do him all the service in his power, but observing the shabbiness of his clothes, asked him if he had any other dress to appear in. "Yes," replied the bard, "I have more clothes than I shall ever wear out." Quin asked an explanation; when the poet told him, in the first place, he had another coat at home that was so very ragged he could never wear it out; and in the next place, he had three good suits at the pawnbrokers that he believed he should never get out to wear. Quin took the hint, and gave him five guineas to equip himself, introduced him to the manager, and his piece was brought on."

"Having a new wig brought home which he was to wear upon a particular occasion, a friend being by upon his trying it, before he had paid for it, complimented him on his taste, and highly approved the perwig. "Faith, sir," said Quin, "I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run the over head and ears in debt."

"Quin was one day lamenting that he grew old, when a shallow, impudent young fellow, asked him what he would give to be as young as he was. "I would even submit," said Quin, "to be almost as foolish."

He came every year to London, to play Sir John Falstaff for his old friend Ryan, till the year 1734, when, having lost two of his front teeth, he was compelled to decline the pleasure. The episode which he wrote to Ryan has, however, much of his wonted terseness in it:—"My dear friend—there is no person on earth that I would sooner serve than Ryan—but I will whistle Falstaff for no man."

Northcote's Opinion of Actors. Whilst Northcote was engaged on his large picture of the Entrance into London of Richard II. and Bolingbroke, as it advanced towards completion, Mr. John Kemble made a morning call with some friends, amateurs of the drama, all of whom complimented the painter on the success of his work. Kemble observed, "Shakespeare is much indebted to you, and other gentlemen professors of your imitative pursuits, for the many splendid personifications with which you identify your art with his knowledge of nature." "I would willingly return you the compliment in kind," replied Northcote; "you acting, and that of my late friend Garrick, appear to me to be very fine; but I am sure that your mutual compliments would not be creditable to either. For my own part, I should not very willingly submit the test to Shakespeare, fearing that my perceptions would fall infinitely short of his," adding, with a complacent smile, "might he not say we had all of us sacrificed his meanings to stage effect?" Kemble was not entirely of this opinion. "You have often seen Garrick, Mr. Northcote; and do you not think his perception of Shakespeare was just?" "I am a painter, and cannot be supposed to be a competent judge. You are not a painter, and think, or at least affect to think, highly of my work. I can abstract my mind sufficiently to know that it is not like enough to nature to be like Shakespeare, and to speak truly, I have never seen acting such as I conceive could be approved by him." "Nay!" interrupted Kemble and his friends. "I say so!" exclaimed Northcote with vehemence, "I will be more plain—I have never witnessed acting that was not a trick; and, such as Shakespeare could not have endured!" Kemble had scarcely quitted the threshold, than he observed, "I cannot but admire the spiteful little cynic's candor; but methinks he might be more courteous."—*Literary Digest of the Fine Arts.*

American Challenge. The eccentric H. H. Brockington, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is best I should hurt you; and the other is best you should hurt me; I do not see any good it would do me to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or turkey; I am no cannibal to feast on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for a long sea voyage. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything that is human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old calf. So much for you. As to myself I do not like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. This being the case, I think it advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or barn door about my dimensions, if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me."

Largest Cask in the World. A subscriber has sent us an extract from Keyser's Travels, giving an account of a wine cask which water saved at Königsberg. The length of it is seventeen Dresden ell, (the Dresden ell is a fraction less than twenty-two inches and a quarter English), and its long diameter is twelve ell. It consists of a hundred and fifty-seven staves, each eight inches thick; and fifty-four boards for the heads, twenty-six in one and twenty-eight in the other. The cask was filled with "good Moscov wine," which cost about six thousand pounds sterling, reckoning the value at three pence half penny a quart. It holds three thousand seven hundred and nine hogshheads of Dresden measure. Till this was made, the tun at Hvideberg was considered the largest in the world; but this cask contains six hundred and forty-nine hogshheads more. The top of it is railed in, and affords room for fifteen or twenty persons to regale themselves. On one head is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"Welcome traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exultate the mind with a cheerful glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of his age, the delight of mankind. Therefore drink to the health of the sovereign, the county, the electoral family, and Baron Kyaw, Governor of Königsberg; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe. Farewell."—*Bosdon Trans.*

Bread. "Bread is the staff of life"—so says the ancient proverb. Bread is literally a composition of flour, water, and yeast; and it is seldom the case in this happy country, let *quidnuncs* grumble as they may, that a sober and industrious family is in want of a morsel of bread.

In many parts of the world bread in a literal sense is seldom seen. In the West Indies, and some parts of South America, plantains and yams are most commonly used instead; and in Ireland potatoes are usually substituted for that article.

An Irishman was once taken before a Magistrate in Dublin for refusing to give a proper account of himself, and how he obtained a livelihood; when the following dialogue ensued between the dispenser of justice and the Hibernian.

Magistrate. What are you?

Irishman. A man, sir, at your service.

Magistrate. You are an impudent fellow.

Irishman. What, for calling myself a man?

Magistrate. How do you get your bread?

Irishman. No how at all!

Magistrate. If that is the best account you can give of yourself, I shall commit you upon the vagrant act. You say you have no honest way of getting your bread.

Irishman. By the holy Shannon, your worship speaks nothing but truth. I have no honest way of getting my bread; because I never eat any at all at all—for I live upon potatoes.—*Exeter Newsletter.*

A Runaway Couple.—On Wednesday evening, about seven o'clock, a young man was stopped in the street by one of the watchmen under the following singular circumstances. The watch had observed him pacing up and down the street for nearly an hour, in the greatest agitation, examining every door, as if endeavoring to find an entrance; and although he was well dressed, he at last accosted him, and enquired the reason of his curious behaviour. A train of curious circumstances was unfolded by this enquiry, such as seldom occur in the minds of a police officer. It appeared that the young man, who gave his name as Warren, was a native of Montgomery county, somewhere in the neighborhood of Pottsville, and that he had come to the city the previous morning, bringing with him a young female, to whom he was to have been married at eight o'clock that evening. The match was to be one of those delightful little affairs called "runaways," and so far, seemed to have been attended with a full share of the difficulties which give so charming a zest to stolen nuptials, and furnished food for the gossips to dwell upon. Both the bride and the groom were total strangers in Philadelphia, and had fled hither as the surest refuge from the pursuit of friends and relatives, who, it was shrewdly suspected, were anxious to have a slice of the good things common on such occasions. By dint of great labour and vexation, they succeeded in finding the residence of a friend of the bride's, where, according to previous agreement, they were both to put up until the next evening, when they were to wait upon his honor the Mayor, by whom the happy knot was to be tied. It happened unfortunately, that this friend's house was filled by other "country cousins," who had arrived only the day before, and there was but a single empty bed left, into which the bride alone could nestle herself, because the mystic ceremony which gave the groom a right to share it with her, had not yet been performed. He was accordingly shown to a respectable tavern a few squares off, in which he thought it prudent to conceal himself, fearful of a surprise from the friends of the lady, nor did he once venture forth to visit his beloved during the whole of this agonizing interval of suspense. The happy hour at length arrived, and he called forth to join his fair one, dressed in the extreme of fashion; but to his utter consternation, he was unable to find the house in which she lodged! From the hour of seven he had been incessantly occupied in searching every street, in hopes of finding her place, and as he did not even know, or had forgotten the name of his fair one's friend, his task may be readily imagined to have been a hopeless one. He wandered up and down the streets in confusion, until his unusually close inspection of the houses excited suspicion as to the object of his intentions. When accosted by the watchman, he was covered with a storm of perspiration, and seemed ready to sink down from mere exhaustion, the effect of four hours constant excitement. After relating to the officer these particulars, he was conducted to the tavern, whence he had sallied out in the early part of the evening, and there learned from the landlord that several unknown persons had been there making the most eager enquiries after him, stating that one had left a message that "Miss——" (his intended) was sick with apprehension at this mysterious absence. As none of them had left their names, poor Warren's enquiries as to where they resided, were productive of no good, and in a state of extreme vexation and alarm he was obliged to go to a solitary bed, there to dream away the troubles which nothing but an unpardonable stupidity had brought upon him and his intended. So late as

Thursday night last, he had not been able to find her, and the chances of their soon meeting, were not very promising. This case shows in a striking point of view, the necessity of strangers in a large city being particular as to names and numbers, and all love-sick swains the folly of bringing their sweethearts to Philadelphia to be married by his honor the Mayor, when a travelling Justice of the Peace is quite equal to the job, and can found in a public road in Pennsylvania, so abundant have they grown of late.—*Saturday Bulletin.*

Two thousand pounds refused by a burgher for his vote.—On the history of Boroughs, says, "On the death of the late Lord Holmes, a very powerful attempt was made by Sir William Oglander and some other neighboring gentlemen, to deprive his lordship's nephew and successor, the Rev. Mr. Thoroughgood Holmes, of his influence over the Corporation of Newport, Isle of Wight. The number of that body was at that time twenty-three, there being one vacancy amongst the aldermen, occasioned by the recent death of Lord Holmes. Eleven of them continued firm to the interest of the nephew, and the same number was equally eager to transfer to Sir William Oglander and the Worsley family. A Mr. Taylor of this town, one of the burghers, withheld his declaration, and as his vote would decide the balance of future influence, it was imagined he only suspended it for the purpose of private advantage. Accordingly to that idea, he was eagerly sought by the agents of each party. The first who applied to him was to have made him an offer of £2000. Mr. Taylor had actually made up his mind to have voted with his party, but the moment his integrity and independence were attacked, he revised his determination, and resolved to give his suffrage on the opposite side. That party, however, like their opponents, being ignorant of the favor designed them, and of the accident to which they owed it, assumed him with a more advantageous offer. He informed them that he had but just formed the resolution, in consequence of a similar insult from their adversaries, of giving them his support, but since he had discovered that they were both aiming at power by the same means, he was determined to vote for neither of them; and to put himself out of the power of further temptation, he resolved to resign his gown as a burgher of the corporation; which he accordingly did the next day."

Migrations of Birds. The late Dr. Jenner devoted some years to inquiries respecting the migration of birds, and in several communications to the royal society in London maintained, that there is no ground for ascribing the disappearance of swallows, &c. in the autumn, to hibernation in marshy banks; but that these birds actually take flight from the shores of England in the autumn, and return in the spring; in proof of which, he says, that when birds first appear for the season, they are never in the emaciated and weakened state of hibernating quadrupeds, when they have quitted their retreats, but are, on the contrary, as vigorous and active as at any other periods of the season. The doctor proved that a swift was no more capable than any other bird of existing under water, and even water-fowl cannot remain below the surface above two or three minutes at one time. He enumerates several instances where birds belonging to the migratory class, have been seen in passing the Atlantic, among which the cuckoo, the owl, and the hawk are included. It appears from his inquiries, that the parent birds often migrate from some other country to England for the purpose of breeding; after which their young leave that country in the autumn, but return in the ensuing spring, to pursue a similar routine; but the same birds are often known to return and build in the same spot, for several successive years, especially the house martin. The swits usually leave the country about the middle of August, when their food begins to diminish, whilst the martins leave in succession, according as they get their young brood forward, so as to endure a distant flight. Should the swits (which often rear two or three broods during summer) be surprised by the early approach of cold weather, they leave their last brood to perish rather than delay their flight. Dr. Jenner is of opinion that the young birds do not necessarily require the old ones as directors in their migrations, but they possess a certain instinct inherent to their nature which directs them, for, although the swallow tribe congregate in large flocks previous to their migration, it cannot be the case with the cuckoo, the nightingale, and some other summer birds, which are comparatively few in number, and of a solitary character. The cuckoo is predatory in its habits, forely dispossessing other birds of their nests for the purpose of depositing its own eggs; it leaves England in July, and is careless of its young, leaving them behind, should they be unfit for a long flight. The result of Dr. Jenner's inquiries is, that birds migrate for the same purposes as salmon and other fish—to select a fit climate and proper place for the rearing of successive generations of their young.

Dreamers take care! A man employed by a farmer, in Virginia, was heard to say in his sleep, "I didn't kill him; I only shot at him, and he fell." This simple expression led his bed fellow to suspect him; and he has since been taken into custody as an accomplice in the murder of a constable in Norfolk.

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